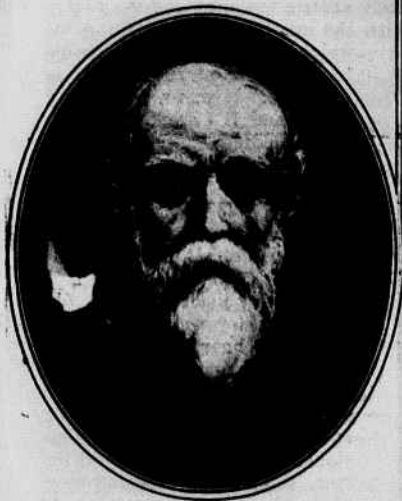
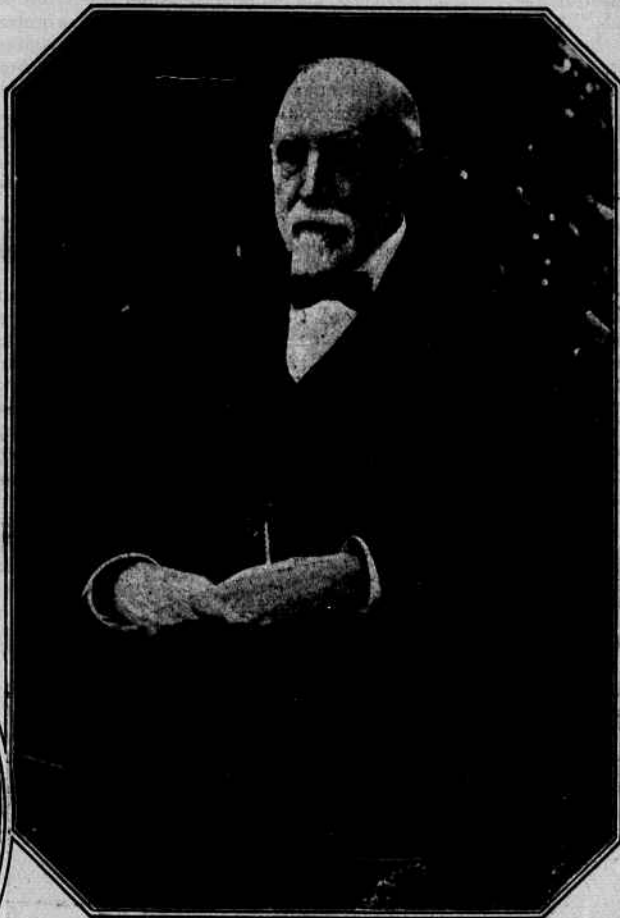


ing, Landlord

FREDERICK WEYERHAEUSER came to this country from Germany eighty-two years ago and went into the carpentry business. Not making a success of that, "Dutch Fred" went West to take up lumbering. He took up quite a lot—thirty million acres of rich timber-land, an area equivalent to six New Jerseys. His sawmills, sprinkled all over the lumber territory of the Northwest (one of them in Orofino, Idaho, was a mile square), turned out a fortune of millions. Because Weyerhaeuser was a taciturn, parsimonious man, nobody knew the extent of his wealth until he died in 1914 in his modest St. Paul home. "The mouth is made to eat with," was the maxim he used in replying to the inquisitive ones. A Maxim silencer, as it were.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.



THE Marquis of Clanricarde, "the cruellest landlord in Ireland," died a few months ago at the age of eighty-four in obscure London bachelor rooms. Though his realm consisted of 57,000 acres in South Galway, he lived there for only one short period in his life. During the Fair Rent Campaign the tenants were driven off his estate, and for twenty years 400 of these exiled people lived miserably along the road to his estate, forming a starved little colony known as Evicted Village.



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THE French loved him as a benefactor; the English hated him as a tyrant. Henri Menier, the French chocolate baron, bought the island of Anticosti, in the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, twenty-one years ago for \$16,000. One hundred and forty miles long and thirty-six miles wide, richly forested, the island was a bargain. Menier set up his own idea of a government, creating departments of forestry, agriculture, fisheries, roads, traffic, etc., each with its separate head. There is no police force and no crime there, and the only malcontents, the English, have been banished. When Henri died without issue, the realm fell to his younger brother, Gaston. This little kingdom, impertinent in the midst of English domain, has three thousand inhabitants, a fleet of 50 fishing vessels, and flies the French flag.



BARON EDOUARD DE ROTHSCHILD of Paris is the head of the \$4,000,000 banking house of Rothschild, which draws its income from millions of acres of land in all of the six continents. The Rothschild rules, which have been handed down in the family for a hundred years, are: 1. Remain faithful to the law of Moses. 2. Remain united to the end. 3. Consult your mother. 4. Look on the family wealth as a perpetual trust. 5. Never brook disobedience. 6. Intermarry.

IT'S wonderful, when you come to think of it, that only a little more than a hundred years ago the founder of the Astor fortune came over from Waldorf and found New York a vacant lot. He bought nice corners from the Indians at about one red bead a front foot, and handed them down to his descendants. To-day tenements, apartments, theaters, fashionable hotels, and big office buildings pay 24-year-old Vincent Astor (on the right in this picture) some millions a year.

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Photograph from Brown Brothers.

THREE times a week little Mrs. Rebecca A. D. Stope, aged seventy-one, climbs the wooden stairway of No. 175 Broadway to a musty office with battered desks and chairs and well worn linoleum on the floor. From this center is administered the \$25,000,000 Wendel estate for the sole benefit of four old ladies—all in charge of sister Rebecca. The real estate rules of the office are as follows: 1. Never mortgage anything. 2. No property for sale. 3. Remember, Broadway moves north ten blocks a decade. 4. Tenants must make their own repairs. Mrs. Stope is a landlady willing to lose money for a principle. Thousands of dollars in rentals she has sacrificed because the Wendels won't lease to saloons or restaurants; nor will they allow electric signs on their property.

